

The Green-gate Children,

✓
Their Village Home.

An easy reading-book
for (?) Standard I.

Preparation

A geographical reading-book for Standard 1, should be, also, a primer, carefully constructed to help the children over the mechanical difficulties of reading; & with this end, pains have been taken to make this little book pleasant to the children & helpful to the teacher.

The language is easy throughout.

The ideas are simple.

The lesson, as upon matters related to a child's mind.

In instructional terms, in the most part, upon the various forms of family village children.

The lessons are short, & are divided into short paragraphs without sentences.

Nearly every lesson follows on that of the earlier lessons, but the children may enjoy the pleasant jingle rhyme, words of great difficulty are repeated two or three times in the course of lesson.

The harder words are printed in columns at the head of each lesson, & the children should read these silent until the corresponding words in the text before reading the lesson.

A certain forward work is necessary before children can take up in the simplest geographical ideas with any intelligence; therefore, these lessons deal with familiar ideas of "Place," Distance, Direction, &c. In fact,

an attempt is made to bring within the children's cognition the scenes & objects which passable for their eyes.

It is hoped that intelligent teachers may cause the doing of the little Drills to make their classes to similar doing & descriptions.

The Holiday

12/18/1865,

Come children, it is so fine that you shall have a holiday. Mother likes her little boys and girls to play in the bright sunshine.

But first put up your books & slate boards, and make the room quite tidy. Then we will talk about our holiday, & you shall each tell me what you would like to do.

I should like to have a tea-party with my dolls.

said little Rose who is only four years old.
But little girls can play with these dolls on wet-days, ^{so} mother thought that would not be the best-fun for this sunny day.

I should like to have a game of ball with Tom & Harry Jones; it is not fair to play with girls: said Ned, who thought himself a big boy now, because he was seven.

I know what I should like; said Mary who was eight, & the eldest of them all: I should like to go for a walk with mother better than anything else. ~~in the world~~
Yes, they all said that Mary had thought of the best things, & that Mother must have a holiday too, & take them for a walk.

To Webster: - Words doubly underlined
are put at the head of the lesson for spelling.

Child's Welcome to Spring.

September 2.

I'm very glad the spring is come,
The sun shines out so bright;
The little birds upon the trees
Are singing for delight,
The young pines look so fresh and green,
The lamb joins sport and play,
And I can skip and run about
As merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and
The buttercup over and over,
The primrose & the cowslip too,
And every pretty flower;
I like to see the but-ter-fly
Flutter her paint-ed wing,
And all things seem just-like my self
So please-ell to see the spring.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,
There's no-thing dark or sad;
I jump, and scarce know what to do,
I feel so very glad.
God must be very good indeed,
Who makes each pret-ty thing;
I'm sure we ought to love Him much
For bring-ing back the spring.

Mr. A. Stoddard?

Very safely do not think the writer who
submitted in the last Poetry in the
Gathering column at the last year's fair

The Walk

Sept 15 1863

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I know a field where there are lambs, said Ned. Shall we go and see them?

Oh, let us go said Rose, the dear little lambs & the birds we would get out.

So they set off for the field with the Lambs; but it was a good way off, & they went through a long lane & through three ~~other~~ corn-fields before they came to it.

The lane was shady because trees few on each side of the way, and their branches spread across the lane & ^{hang} ~~out~~ off the path, and you could see the black shadows of the leaves upon the ground.

Then all the little birds were singing as if they had a holiday, and Ned tried to make a noise like the song of a big Blackbird with a yellow bill which the children could see.

Many and little flowers found buttercups and mairies, and blue wild-lots in the banks by the road-side. And at they all ran after a big yellow butterfly which Ned tried to catch in his cap.

At last they came to the field with the lambs; and one lame black lamb put its nose into Nair's fat little hand.

September 4

The Lamb

Litt^{le} lamb, come to me
What you're doing all the day.
Long enough before you wake
Breakfast I am glad to take
For the world over eating up
Raining, wind^{ing}, but no care.

Then I go to the fields & play,
Tuck & scoop up all the day;
Chasing other lambs like me,
Up and down the flower^y lee.
When at night I go to sleep
By my mother I never keep
Safe enough from cold
At her side with in the fold.

Mary's little Lamb

Mary had a lit^{tle} lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He fol^{low}ed her to school one day -
That was a gainst the rule,
It made the children laugh & play
To see a lamb at school.

'What makes the lamb come Mary so?'

The little children say:

'Oh! Young^{er} lambs we have no known'
In nest or den or play.

The First

It was tea-time when the children got home.
So their mother soon made the hot the bread, and
they sat down. How fast the bread and butter
~~had~~ ^{wanted} to be eaten! And little Dick had
two mugs of milk and water.

These Sleepy little Ned and Dick were
just to bed soon after tea; but Mary & Ned
their mother let Ned & Mary sit up half an
hour longer to have a little talk with her.

But Ned soon began to rub his eyes; and
Mary asked her mother why they all grew
Sleepy when night comes. Then
Mary ^{we} saw the dark rest in sweet sleep through
the dark night & awoke in the morning
fresh & happy as little birds.
That is how it is with the birds & the beasts;
& the butterflies have such a merry time.
They play all day long until they are tired;
& then they sleep all night & feel ^{rested} for
another day's play.

God gives sweet sleep to all his creatures.
Almost of them sleep at night. Many
flowers shut up their pretty eyes ^{to go to sleep}.
For me before bed time I talk at the window,
so you will not see me yet to say; they are
all shut up fast asleep till to-morrow.

Some creaures like to sleep in the day-time
& want to want about in the dark night. There is
the owl, a big bird with soft feathers, which cannot
see in night; so he sleeps all day, and comes out
at night to hunt at the moon.

1st pl. 6

The Little Boy's Good Night

The sun is hid ~~down~~ from our sight,

The birds are sleep-ing sound;

Tis time to say to all, Good night!

And give a kiss all round.

Good-night, my father, mother, dear,

Now kiss your lit-tle son;

Good night, my friends, with you & me;

Good night to every one.

Good night, if ever up, over my bird;

Sleep well till morn-ing light,

Per-hap-s if you could sing in wond-

You would have sung: Good night!

To all my pret-ty flow-ers, good night.

So all my pret-ty flow-ers, while I sleep!

You blossoms white & bright

And all the stars that shine so bright

With you their watch-ers keep.

The moon is light-ing up the skies.

The stars are spark-ling there,

It's time to shut our wear-y eyes

And say our even-ing pray-er.

G. L. Follen

In Morning.

7.

Rose was the first to wake in the morning. There was a little round hole in the blind, ^{through which} a bright sun-beam found its way to the little girl's eyes, and she ^{had} a great deal of ~~light~~ ^{sun-beam} to see by. She jumped out of bed in a minute and ran to the window to see what ~~the world~~ ^{it} was about. Any just under the window there was a nest of young birds ~~too~~ ^{too} crying to their mother for some break-fast. The mother bird soon came with a worm, which she popped into one bit the scoopings mouth open bill. Then she flew off to the field for another worm. And soon all the little hungry birds were full ed.

That made Rose think she should take her break-fast. So she called Mary, who got up, & dressed her little sister.

When the little girls were wash-ed and dress-ed I had said their pray-ers, they went down stairs. But their mother was not in the kitchen; she was in the cow-stead milk-ing Cherry. So she said the little girls might feed the chick-en until she was ready.

There was some corn in the basket; so Mary took it, and little Rose call-ed Chick! Chick! Chick! There, the big hen, and the cocker & the little chickens came running as fast as they could, while Mary scatter-ed the corn.

By and by they saw their father coming home to break-fast. He had been plough-ed in the long field with John-tim since six o'clock.

A Spring Morning.

March 1862

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Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing.

Get up, little sister,

The morning is bright,

And the birds are all singing

To welcome the light:

The birds are all singing

The dew is on the flowers,

If you shake but a branch,

See, the galle quite a shower.

The bee, I dare say, has

Been busy on the vine

The lark is singing gayly;

It loves the bright sun,

And rejoices that now

The gay spring has begun;

For the spirit is so cheer ful,

I think 'twould be wrong

Spring did not feel happy

To hear the lark's song.

Get up, for there all things

Are merry and glad,

Good children should never

Be lazy or sad:

You God gives no day light

Dear sister, that we

May rejoice like the lark,

And may work like the bee.

Sally H. Hastings